

STRIKE

The eyes of the country are looking west tonight -- to the Pacific Coast. San Francisco is paralyzed in the clutch of the general strike. That has always been an ominous term -- "general strike". It means a supreme effort on the part of the men who work to achieve their determination.

A great army of workmen on strike -- that's one side of the large and threatening picture. The other side is -- the National Guard, the entire National Guard of California mobilized. The Governor of California believing that the local police authorities could never handle the situation, has ordered every National Guardsman to report to the armories at once. So for the first time in the present series of labor disputes all of the state troops have been called for duty.

The Mayor of San Francisco has issued an appeal, calling all the citizens to stand by the government and not create any disorder.

The city of course, is at a stand still. Transportation has stopped. Stores and shops were closed all day. And

STRIKE - 2

the water-front was a grim military spectacle, with khaki-clad soldiers on guard, their bayonets gleaming.

There have been some disturbances, a strike breaker sliced by a bayonet and is seriously hurt; and the crack of a rifle shot a party of strikers stoned a National Guardsman. He shot back at them. Yes, some disorders but none of them serious in comparison with the explosion that might easily occur in such an explosive situation.

The most immediately menacing question is that of the food supply. A general tie-up brings a threat of food shortage and actual starvation. It remains to be seen how the unions will handle this. They say they are going to ration the city, organize some sort of transport, put men to work, and see that the necessities of life are provided for the millions of citizens.

The history of general strikes is interesting to ponder over. Generally they don't turn out in favor of the laboring man. I think it was Victor Hugo who spoke of the working class as -- That giant who needs only to fold his arms

STRIKE - 3

to bring society to its knees. But most general strikes have failed -- because of popular opinion.

Something of this sort happened in the only other city-wide general strike in this country -- in Seattle in 1919. After three days the strikers and their own families got so hungry, they decided to call it off.

This angle of public welfare throws a heavy responsibility on the strikers and their leaders. And they must meet it if they are to succeed. That is the story of the past.

ADD STRIKE

In the thick of the crisis the authorities are still trying desperately to effect a compromise. General Johnson^{head} of the N. R. A. is flying from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco in an attempt to bring about an agreement before the situation gets out of hand.

The problem of peace ~~is~~ made ~~so~~ more difficult by the stubbornness ^{with} which both sides are sticking to the main point of contention.

One unusual feature of this strike is that it has such a clear-cut central issue -- the "hiring ~~of~~ halls," as they ^{say}.

When a ship comes into San Francisco harbor with cargo from across the Pacific, a hurry up call is sent out to places where longshoremen gather. These are commonly poolrooms or former speakeasies now turned into waterfront cafes. The ship owners call for the number of stevedores they need, and these go hurrying to the dock.

The longshoremen object to this system. They complain that the gangs of men are picked and sent out commonly

49

ADD STRIKE

by the proprietor of the poolroom. He selects his best customers, the men who spend the most money in his place. So the workers are demanding that they be given control of the "hiring halls", under their own supervision. They want a central agency to distribute the work along the docks.

The employers object to this. They claim that with the hiring halls controlled by the men, no longshoreman would get work unless he belonged to a union. The central hiring agency controlled by the men would be used to enforce a closed shop. It all seems to boil down to the old question. The employers also claim that such a central hiring agency would send them inferior workmen.

While San Francisco is losing millions of dollars each day, there are shipping booms in other parts along the West Coast. That's usually the way. If boats can't land at San Francisco they proceed to other harbors where there's no strike or where strike conditions are not so stringent. So right now there's a shipping boom in Southern California at San Diego, and at the great Canadian port, Vancouver, in British Columbia, to the north.

ADD STRIKE

YACHT

This may help to influence a settlement in San Francisco. But on the other hand it may tend to spread the general strike up and down the Pacific Coast, with the labor leaders out to tie up everything from Mexico to Canada.

crewed this year. The seamen who handled the sails aboard the new speed craft, the successor to Lipton's Shamocks, have walked out demanding higher wages. The owner, T. G. E. Spruth, definitely refuses.

He says now he'll man his craft with amateurs. And that sounds British. They prefer amateur sport over there. Well, this, of course, may be a handicap for the British challenger. The amateurs may not be quite so proficient in handling the sails. But, we'll know a good deal more about that when the racing craft spread their canvas and go sweeping in the wind of Long Island Sound in August. And it may double the interest in the race.

YACHT

With our epic strike over here, England's latest walkout seems a puny, petty thing -- although it will disturb a lot of people sportingly inclined. I mean the strike of the crew of the Endeavour, John Bull's hope to win the yachting crown this year. The seamen who handled the sails aboard the new speed craft, the successor to Lipton's Shamrocks, have walked out demanding higher wages. The owner, T. O. M. Sopwith, definitely refuses.

He says now he'll man his craft with amateurs. And that sounds British. They prefer amateur sport over there. Well, this, of course, may be a handicap for the British challenger. The amateurs may not be quite so proficient in handling the sails. But, we'll know a good deal more about that when the racing craft spread their canvas and go sweeping in the wind of Long Island Sound in August. And it may double the interest in the race.

DON

Here's one that was a topic of discussion the world over yesterday, and today:- Suppose it happened over here -- an automobile racer in the Indianapolis classic -- an accident, and his car goes smash, the mechanic is killed. While the driver is badly hurt. Yes, and suppose that driver was hauled to court, found guilty of manslaughter and sent to prison.

Of course, it couldn't happen over here, but it has in England -- to that famous speedster, Kaye Don.

On a practice run, the racing car was overturned, his mechanic killed and Kaye Don badly hurt. And now he's convicted of manslaughter. People have been wondering what kind of sentence he'd get. Here it is: he must serve four months in jail.

The word now is that Kaye Don is appealing the case, appealing from a verdict that might seem to set a strange precedent in automobile racing.

Rumors dark and devious keep coming from Germany, rumors of secret vengeance by the crushed and discredited factions of the Storm Troops. There are melodramatic whisperings of how the friends and followers of the executed leaders are scheming to get even with Hitler for that reign-of-terror, -victims-and-firing-squads.

The latest subterranean message is that the disgruntled Storm Troopers have ~~hidden away~~ a secret arsenal, a store of contraband, rifles, pistols and machine guns, which they intend to use when the day of vengeance arrives.

This tale is arousing quite a bit of excitement in Germany, the more so because it concerns a romantic medieval fortress, which for sometime ~~is~~^{is} said to have been the scene of secret doings. It is ~~in~~ the little town of Nauen, which in the fourteenth century was a stronghold of robber barons so bold and powerful that they even beseiged the city of Berlin. ~~In the~~^{In the} medieval quarter, ~~in which~~ the ancient houses, built for defense, are connected by secret passages. While underneath is a maze of subterranean

tunnels and vaults. These the old robber barons used for treasure chambers. There they stored their plunder.

Military wise-men say that after the end of the World War the German Army authorities used this interesting town of bygone days as a means of beating the Treaty of Versailles. The underground vaults of the robber barons were a tricky hiding place where they concealed large quantities of arms and munitions in violation of the Treaty. In that way they fooled the Interallied Commission that went around inspecting, trying to make sure that the Germans were disarmed as they were supposed to be.

That secret cache of armament has remained there to this day, but now the Nazi Storm Troopers have raided it -- so the story goes. They are said to have sneaked away piles of munitions, which they have stored in their own hiding places -- until they are ready to revolt again.

JAPAN

Let's review a few more complaints against Japan this evening, commercial complaints. One is that the Far-Eastern manufacturers are shipping their products with labels that come off very easily, which disguises the fact that the goods are made in Japan.

Complaint number two goes further and charges the Nipponese business men with stamping their products with false labels -- labels indicating that the articles were made in some other country.

Complaint number three comes with a honk of an automobile horn. British and American motor manufacturers are loudly protesting that Japan is flooding the Asiatic and South American markets with a new type of automobile, which sells for less than two hundred and fifty dollars. *Well, well. That's interesting.*

Most distressful no doubt, but how can you make them charge more? It would be a good idea if the Asiatic and South American countries would put a tariff on Japanese autos, to protect British and American coupes and limousines, but those simple un-

tutored souls might say -- why pay more? But East, in the Far East, the white man has taught his oriental friends how to do things, and now the East is giving the West a lot to think about.

MAE WEST

And now, let's turn from the East to the West -- to Mae West. She's an eminent personality in this May Western hemisphere, a prominent figure; so they tell me. In fact her figure is prominent in several places. She is now the subject of copious controversy. The controversy is copious. Mae West is copious. Anyway East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, unless brother East gets a bit gay and reckless.

Her latest opus has been sent back to the film capitol of the world to be laundered. Maybe it "ain't no sin" but she better not do it again.

On the other hand, I mean on the other side of the water, some beautiful words, some mighty nice things, were being said about Mae. They were said by the pastor of her church, Canon J. F. Mitchell, of the Hollywood Little Church around the Corner. And he went all the way to Scotland, to say them. In a vacation sermon at Aberdeen, the most Scotch of all Scotch towns, Canon Mitchell declared: "People have Mae West all wrong. She is one of the regular worshippers at

my church. And she is one of the quite numerous film stars who have never tasted intoxicating liquors."

"I'm no angel!" -- says Mae. "Yes you are" responds the Reverend Canon. And I suppose Mae says, "You're another".

But those beautiful words at Aberdeen are nothing, beside the still more beautiful words that were spoken at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They were spoken by a group of physicians assembled in the city of beer, though Mae's lips never touched beer. It's potatoes, pastries and ice-cream sodas make her that way. The doctors extolled the plump and buxom lady of the movies, to the skies. They proclaimed her a "boon to Motherhood". They explained that she had popularized the larger and more elegantly rounded proportions of the "form divine" - that's what helps motherhood along, also health and happiness. So the doctors gave three cheers for the pulchritudes and plumptitudes of Mae West. Mae West's father Jack West, was a prize-fighter and theatre bouncer. From him she inherited an amount of strength that enabled her to start her career as something of a strong woman in vaudeville. In her

vaudeville act she lifted a five hundred pound weight and supported three men, I mean she held them aloft -- each weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. That's how she developed those beautiful muscles of hers.

But that's only part of the cause of that famous figure. Mae is five feet five inches tall and weighs only one hundred and twenty pounds. In most of her pictures she is padded out to conform to those large, if not high, standards, that have made her a boon to motherhood.

In real life she isn't anything of the spectacular personality that she is on the stage. She is sedate, dignified and reserved. In only one way does she resemble her screen personality -- diamonds. In private life she's still "Diamond Lil". Smothered with onions; I mean smothered with diamonds.

And now here's something to raise us above
our ordinary level -- elevating. No, not the elevator,
elevating. Not the lift, the uplift. It's about youth.
Glorious youth with dreams and ideals, "When You and I
Were Young Maggie."

Pessimists have been saying that the youth
of the land is in a bad way, just a lot of pups going to
the dogs. But that is wrong. We idealists always knew it.
Maybe for a little while youth did direct ~~the~~^{its} blythesome
steps in the direction of the bow-wows. But that's all a
thing of the past. So we learn from the latest poetry contest.
This All-American verse-writing event was held among thousands
of undergraduates in colleges all over the country. And ^{now} its
sponsor, Henry Goddard Leach, editor of the Forum-and-Century
Magazine, tells the results. These poetic results he assures
us prove that the age of jazz is dead.

The stacks and stacks of poems submitted **prove**
that college boys and girls are thinking about the more
fundamental things, like home and mother and rock-a-bye baby.

POETRY ENDING - 2

Among the college boys there were only a few who dedicated their verses to the wildness of wild parties or the purple patches of sophistication. The favorite themes were Mother and Dad. They expressed their poetical inspiration in sonnets and elegies, reminiscent of the immortal classic:-
You know the one ---

I want a girl,

Just like the girl,

That married dear old dad.

Among the co-eds the favorite theme was home and babies. Something in the vein of that other immortal classic which used to sound so thrilling in a thundering baritone:

You may go your lonely life to roam,

But I'll take back my baby, wife and home.

And maybe that makes you want to say to me what I'm now saying to you -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.